

1894 OCTOBER 1894

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

THE ORIGIN OF OMENS.

Survival of Some Celestial Superstitions in Modern Times.

Something of the influence of ancient astrology is shown in the popular belief that the rising and setting of Sirius, the dog star, infuses madness into the canine race. In our medical prescriptions, too, the old superstition appears. The ornamental part of the apothecary's R is none other than the sign of Jupiter, under whose special care medicines were supposed to have been placed, and our nostrums are still compounded under the symbol of Jove's protection. The letter itself—recipe, take—and its flourish mean substantially this: "Under the good auspices of Jove, the patron of medicine, take the following goods in the proportions set down." Some try to throw the responsibility for the symbol R back to Raphael, but the sum of evidence points to Jupiter as its patron.

In America Friday is traditionally in good repute. Columbus sailed on Friday and first discovered land on Friday, the Pilgrims landed on Friday, and on Friday Washington was born. Yet even in America, notwithstanding all these "best accidents," a flavor of misfortune attends the day, and the statistics of travel and mercantile transactions for Friday show how widespread is the prejudice against it.

A CHILD'S DAY'S JOURNEY.

Little Feet Which All Day Long Mark the Passing Moments.

How many miles a day the little feet of young children will travel is often a source of wonderment to parents who lovingly watch them. This restless activity was never better illustrated than by a very old story, which may interest readers of this column.

A grandfather who had little to do except to watch the curious antics of his grandchildren as they played around the house resolved that on one day he would follow one little fellow who seemed especially restless, prying into everything from morning till night.

It proved much more of a job than he had expected. Noon came, and if the child was not weary the man was, but he had set out to go wherever the child led, and he persevered. Toward night there came a sudden end to the experiment, when the child crept through between the rounds of a chair where the space was entirely too narrow for a grown man to follow. He had to acknowledge himself beaten at last.

Whether the baby turned back and winked one eye at its grandfather the story does not tell. No doubt, however, the baby's mother thought he did.—Boston Budget.

The Dog in British Poetry.

In the medieval metrical romances are found the first noteworthy references in our language to the dog. Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune wrote "Sir Tristram" some time in the thirteenth century. The story is familiar, of course, but the pathos of it is here augmented by the knight's dog also being brought under the spell of the fatal love potion:

An hounde ther was blyde
That was y-clept Boudin.
The dog he liked that tide,
Though down it set Bregwain.

Tristram and the beautiful Isolde of Ireland.

That loved with all their might,
And fadde dede all so.

When Tristram was banished to Wales
and fought for Tristram.

The king a welp he brought
Bifor Tristram the trewe.

His name was Petecore,
Of him was michel prus.

—Gentleman's Magazine.

Talk about your horse traders.

Washington county has a few that can't be beat. Last Monday one of them came to town, and when he left home he barely had money enough to pay his toll one way. After arriving here it was not long until he struck some one for a horse trade. He continued swapping horses all day. How many different trades he made would be hard to tell, but late in the afternoon, when he made an estimate of the day's business, he discovered that he had the same horse that he started with, a 2-year-old filly, standard and registered, a cow and a calf, a good team of work mules, a sow and 11 pigs, together with two yearling steers and \$11.65 in money. Can any one beat it?—Springfield (Ky.) News-Leader.

Lamb's Retort.

"I believe you have never heard me preach, Charles?" said Coleridge to Lamb, referring to the days of his Unitarian ministry.

"Yes," retorted Lamb. "I—I—never heard you do anything else."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SLANG AND JARGON.

ORIGIN OF WORDS THAT BECAME A PART OF OUR LANGUAGE.

Some are Ephemeral, but Others Retain Their Popularity—Various Callings Contribute to This Wordmaking—Some Well Known Examples.

Slang.—A new word that has no just reason for existence; a popular, but unauthorized word, phrase or mode of expression; the jargon of some particular calling or class in society.—Webster.

In other words, anything in the way of word or expression not in the dictionary is "slang." When by reason of long continued popularity and general usage it is deemed worthy of a place in the textbook and authority of the language, it ceases to be "slang."

It is from the jargon of particular callings or classes in society that the English language is slowly but steadily enriched. The slang phrases first become dignified with the term idiom, and then it creeps into the new dictionary.

Not all slang is destined to this apothecia. Much of it is ephemeral. A great deal of it is meaningless, silly or weak and dies in its childhood. Actor folk are given to the invention of new phrases more or less expressive, but short lived. "The ghost walks" is one of the few instances of the jargon of stageland.

The theatrical term of "makeup" is now in general use as descriptive of anything striking in personal adornment, referring to the clothing and not to a disguise or enhancement of the features as originally. Song and dance men, acrobats, serio comers, sketch teams and the lower order of theatrical folk indulge in slang that renders their conversation almost unintelligible. For instance, some knockout artist was struck by the similarity of the words pardon and pudding, and to his bright mind the transition to "taploca" was not difficult, but there is no probability that the expression "Beg your taploca" will supplant "I beg your pardon" in the language of the polite world.

The song and dance man may be excused in summer days of bankruptcy in calling the man with money, willing to spend it for refreshment, an "angel," and this expression may in time creep into the language, but for the present the ancient term of "sucker" will suffice.

Circus slang was the forerunner of the jargon of the variety stage, and in the good days when the "gaslit city of tents" was planted upon every village green the circus folk had a language almost their own.

The roots of their vernacular were the various parts of the tent and equipment of the show. The boss of the show was called the "main guy," and this expression has to a certain extent survived the decline of the circus, and the "main guy" is frequently heard of in workshops.

The great cattle ranges of the west have given the world the term "round-up." It originally referred to the annual gathering together of the cattle of various owners that they might be separated for shipment. Today in the business world it indicates an inquiry into the affairs of a firm or corporation and has really the significance of stock taking.

Thieves have a gibberish so extensive as to almost constitute a language. It is only understood among themselves and by policemen, who are forced to acquire the knowledge of its meaning. Many of the terms that have been in use for years are really corruptions of the Hebrew and had their origin among the fencibles or depots for the reception of stolen goods in London. This jargon, while continued for years, has never obtained outside of the police and criminal classes.

"Lost his grip" is a terse, pathetic, almost tragic term, conjuring up as it does the story of wasted ambition, blasted hopes, ruin and despair, in all probability originated among lodge people. A man who had "lost his grip" was temporarily in a dilemma.

From the mining camps of the far west came "struck it rich," which now applies to any human success; "up the flume," signifying failure; "hard pan," which means a solid paying basis; "petered out," which suggests a gradual decline and final suspension of resources; "grubstuck," for assistance given a new business enterprise on condition of a share in prospective or possible profits. Bonanza has been a good English word for 20 years, and the Century dictionary accepted it along with such words as "boom," meaning to manufacture support and enthusiasm, and "squel," meaning to confess and betray companions.

From the railroad yards came "switched," with the meaning of diverted; "sidetracked," for temporary failure and suspension, the result of outside interference; "ditched," as expressing ruin and collapse, and "wide open" came from the locomotive, which referred to the throttle and the extreme of speed. Now it means in full swing, reckless and regardless of interference.

"Out of sight" is an anachronism, as it means plainly in sight, and it is growing more and more in favor every day as a synonym for the superlative in appearance, accomplishment or performance. It was the balloon soaring toward the sky that was first declared out of sight, and then came the adaptation of this new form of expressing altitude and exemption from competition. For instance, when Assemblyman Joseph Cahill appears with his fearfully and wonderfully plaided trousers, which are said to have drowned the roar of the surf at Manhattan Beach, his admiring constituents cry out: "Get onto Cahill's pants! They are out of sight!"

The race track has given us "cinch," as meaning something settled beyond all doubt or peradventure. A cinch is a saddle girth, tightened by the Spanish method of a complicated knot that will not come untied. Hence cinch, or sure thing, cinched, or all settled beforehand, can't lose. Sabe?—Exchange.

Saved Mrs. Rennie's Life.

Mrs. Jennie Rennie of Virgil, N. Y., had been sick for a year or more with overflow of the gall and ulcers of the stomach. Her physician told her she could not live. Mrs. Rennie's mother had found such benefit from the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, that she persuaded her daughter to use it, which she did, with the result that it cured her of these diseases, and she says she was never so well as now.

SLURRING at the private lives

of public men comes with bad grace from the pen of Madeline Pollard.

HIS SWEET REVENGE.

Kicked Out When a Day, He Lived to Repay the Offender.

A story with a moral is told me by a friend from Bloomington, Ind. That pretty little university town numbers among its notabilities not only the college professors, but another professor also, whose accomplishment lies not in the direction of human education. I mean genial Henry Gentry, known wherever there are little and big children, who like to see his performing dogs and ponies. Professor Gentry was a very poor boy, which was no dishonor, but still much against him in the race of life. During the last few years he has made a fortune. I am afraid to say how much, but it is up in the hundred thousands. Ten years ago he was still struggling to make a living for himself and his parents, and very often it was hard enough. And thereby hangs my tale.

Every one knows how difficult it was for business men to keep heads above water during the hard times and what a serious matter it was to obtain money, but Gentry had plenty of it all through and is said to have helped more than one man over the stepping stones.

One day a very prominent business man of his own was caught short and needed \$5,000 to see him through. He had property and value, but no money. He went to the bank and asked for a loan, but was snubbed to the bank had it not. Just as the conversation was going on Henry Gentry happened to pass the bank, and the banker remarked: "There's only one man in town who has that much cash, and maybe he'll lend it to you." He pointed to Gentry.

The business man took the hint, stepped out of the bank, caught up with Gentry, and after a very complimentary talk on his success broached his request. Gentry turned full upon him and replied: "Oh, yes, I have \$5,000; more too, but do you remember a barefoot fellow who came into your store at one time trying to buy a pair of shoes on trust? Do you remember how you kicked him almost out of your store? Well, I was that boy. No, you can't have no money from me!" Maybe it was not very Christian, but it must have been awfully sweet revenge.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New Use For a Parrot.

The talents of parrots have, we read, just been turned in a new direction by the authorities of a French town. It has hitherto been the habit to more or less fritter away the intellectual force of parrots by merely teaching them to say naughty or witty things or to use such expressions as "Pretty Poll" or "Poor fellow." The municipal authorities of the town referred to have, perhaps the future will prove, opened up a wider field of action for the parrot. The poor box at the town hall, it seems, had for a long time past been in a condition of chronic emptiness, which did not reflect much credit on the charitable feelings of the inhabitants. To remind them of their duty toward their poorer neighbors a parrot was purchased, which has been installed close to the box and trained to cry, "For the poor, if you please."

It appears that the result of the innovation has been highly satisfactory, pence and silver coins having been freely given in response to the bird's appeal. The idea, as is remarked, is capable of being applied in a variety of ways. To denote to the passerby that he is in the proximity of wet paint on any shop front, parrots might be used, or to remind people on entering a house to wipe their feet on the door mat before going up stairs the bird's services could be employed, instead of the time honored placard, "Eszuyev vos p'ieds, s. v. p." to be met with in French houses. In fact, there may be a new opening for parrots.—London Standard.

Diamonds in the Meteor.

Professor Berthelot has pointed out that in the writings of Avicenna there is mention of a metallic aerolite which fell in Djorjan, in central Asia, in the eleventh century which could neither be broken nor worked up into arms or tools. One of the blocks of native iron found at Orviak, in Greenland, in 1870, is so hard that it can neither be scratched nor cut, and Professor Nordenfjeld suggests that this may be due to the presence of black diamonds disseminated through the iron.

One Good Word of Health.

Visitor.—You must have a remarkably efficient board of health in this town. Shrewd Native (one of many)—You are right about that, I can tell you.

"No, sir. Scientists are too theoretical."

"Physicians, perhaps?"

"Not much. We don't allow doctors on our board of health—no, sir, nor undertakers either."

"Hum! What sort of men have you chosen, then?"

"Life insurance agents."—New York Weekly.

SHE HAD HER WEIGHT.

It Was a Posthumous Triumph, but It Was Here All the Same.

"When a woman makes her mind up to anything," said the man with the ginger beard, "they ain't no way of preventin' her from reachin' the end she aims at."

"Thouten she dies, of course," remarked the grocer.

"It does look to me," said the man with the ginger beard to the rash interrupter, "like you have the most natural gift of tellin' what you don't know every time you open your mouth of any man I ever knowed. I will admit," continued the man with the ginger beard as the grocer assumed a humbled expression, "that you are all right in the grocery business. Fact is, a man would have to be pretty smooth to make a livin' out of the kind o' stock you keep. Now, the time you explained the hair bein' in the butter because the butter wasn't strong enough to hold itself together without it was plumb good. However, it looks like rain, an I can't waste no more time on you. Now, this here woman!"

"Which woman?"

"This here woman I was thinkin' of when I spoke was just like all the rest of 'em. When her mind was set, it was set. Pore thing, she had to die to get her own way, but she got it."

"Love affair?" asked the man from Potato creek, who had a romantic streak in his mental composition.

"Love affair nothin'! She was marrit to her first husband. They hadn't been marrit for more'n a week, I guess, before the old man begins twittin' her cause she was so thin an wonderin' why the Lord couldn't 'a' seen fit to make her weigh as much as his first wife."

"How much did the dear angel weigh?" asked him kinder sarcasticly one day when they had been jawin' a little more than common.

"Just exactly 155 pounds," says he.

"Well," says she, "I'm a-goin' to git to that weight if it takes me a hundred years."

"Howsever, 'stead of gettin' any fatter she gits thinner an thinner right along till at last she ups an dies."

"Well," says the old man, "seems like she didn't git to that there weight she started for after all. I guess she weighed nearer 55 than 155." But that's all he knewed about it. About two years after there was a boom in real estate, an the old graveyard turnin' out to be pretty good town lots the folks had to move, this here woman among the rest. When they come to dig her up, she had patried.

"Patried, I suppose you mean," said the schoolteacher.

"Anyhow, I mean she had turned to rock. An just for curiosity they weighed her. Funny thing too. She come exactly to that there 155 pounds she ailes said she'd git, an they won't never nobody make me believe that she didn't know what she was doin' all the time."—Indianapolis Journal.

Many of the citizens of Keenelsville, Indiana

are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven so much value for colds and croup in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by D. J. Hunsberry, Napoleon, O.

In China young blood may go out

and have a frolic at a cost of about 1 cent for the night's fun.

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"Hum! What sort of men have you chosen, then?"

"Life insurance agents."—New York Weekly.

Eggs and Microbes.

Dr. McClintock of the University of Michigan has performed experiments

which indicate that eggs may become infected with microbes before they are laid. A healthy hen, after repeated washings in sterilized solutions, was placed in a sterilized cage. As soon as possible after being laid a portion of her eggs were placed in sterilized cotton and then in an incubator. The eggs decayed and swarmed with bacteria. The remaining eggs were taken as soon as laid, and cultures were made from their contents. Some of these culture tubes developed; others remained sterile. After some days the hen was killed, and with proper aseptic precautions culture tubes were inoculated from various portions of the oviculus. Most of these tubes developed. It would thus seem probable that the putrefactive bacteria entered the egg in its passage down the oviduct and before the shell was formed.

What He Needed.

The man was melancholy, and when he called on the doctor for advice that artist thought he had his man sized up on the first turn. He told the doctor his symptoms, and the doctor asked a lot of incidental questions.

"How long have you been here?" inquired the physician after finishing up the regular list.

"Much longer than I have wanted to be," replied the patient wearily.

"That's I about that so," exclaimed the doctor brightly. "What you need is a change of scene."

The patient threw up his hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Oh, doctor," he wailed, "I belong to a theatrical company playing a repository of five act plays."—Detroit Free Press.

Disappointed.

"Our hero sat in the corner of the railway compartment devouring his newspaper," read Miss Myrtle Dolan from the latest acquisition to her paper cover library.

"He was devouring what?" asked her father, with sudden interest.

"His newspaper, the back says," replied Myrtle.

"Go on a wild yee! Oh, I ought 'twice a mon ye vor readin' about an hour, but the powers, he turns out to be a quack!"—Washington Star.

The Worst Punishment of Crime.

Lawyer.—Come, brace up, man. They can't do any more than imprison you for 10 years or so. Your offense isn't a capital crime, you know.

Criminal (sighing).—Yes, I know, but they'll print "likenesses" of me in all the daily papers.—Somerville Journal.

Climbing Higher.

A New York girl, Miss Lillie J. Martin, has gone to Germany to enter the University of Gottingen as a student. She is a Vassar graduate of the class of 1890 and has been a teacher, occupying responsible positions since she left college. To go abroad and perfect herself in higher branches of science, to which study she is specially devoted, she resigned the vice principalship of the girls' high school at San Francisco, a position she has filled for several years. She hopes to enter the department of experimental psychology.—New York News.

Are the outcome of 30 years' experience in designing, constructing and testing of stoves. In them are combined all the best devices known to the stove maker. They are built upon right lines to give the greatest degree of heat at the least expense of fuel, of the right material to give the longest service at the least cost for repairs. They are of the latest patterns, finished in the handsomest manner. Ask to see them at the dealers. The Trade Mark will identify the genuine.

JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES
DETROIT STOVE WORKS
LARGEST STOVE PLANT IN THE WORLD

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

SAPOLIO
IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-KEEPING.

Neat Printing
IS THE KIND YOU WANT.

Work that is done in a slovenly manner, for a cheap price, is not the kind that pays either the customer or the printer.

We have the facilities to turn out—and DO turn out—a VERY FINE GRADE OF PRINTING, at a REASONABLE PRICE.

The NORTHWEST is the best advertising medium in Henry county.

The official paper of this county and only \$1.00 per year.

The Big Strike
—IN NAPOLEON IS AT—
HENRY MEYERS'
Clothing House!

We have struck an immense line of seasonable Clothing and Furnishing Goods, which are being retailed at surprisingly low figures. Call on us for anything in our line and you may be sure of

STRIKING A BARGAIN!

In buying of us you have the advantage of an enormous variety in size, style and quality to select from, and we are selling

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

For the next sixty days I will offer great bargains in CLOTHING to close out stock and make room for new FALL GOODS.

HENRY MEYER, - - NAPOLEON, OHIO.

TIME TABLE



NAPOLEON, OHIO, GOING WEST.

No. 45, Toledo & St. Louis Ex. 6:09 a. m.
" 41, " & Kansas City Ex. 11:21 a. m.
" 37, " & Des Moines Ex. 5:57 p. m.
" 43, " & St. Louis Ex. 8:21 p. m.
" 41, " & Ft. Wayne Local, 9:30 p. m.

GOING EAST.

No. 42, St. Louis & Toledo Ex. 6:31 a. m.
" 38, Defiance & Toledo Ex. 7:05 a. m.
" 44, Kansas City & Toledo Ex. 3:10 p. m.
" 46, St. Louis & Toledo Ex. 8:55 p. m.
" 50, Ft. Wayne & Toledo Local, 11:25 p. m.
Daily except Sunday. " Daily.

C. M. BRYANT, Agent.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MAY 20th, 1894.

East-Bound.

STATIONS.	8	6	16	46	14
CENTRAL TIME.	AM	PM	AM	PM	AM
Lv. Chicago	10:45	3:00	8:05	AM	6:45
" Defiance	4:50	8:55	1:40	AM	12:37
Ar. Monroeville	8:50	8:50	PM
" Sandusky	9:30	9:30	AM
Lv. Mansfield	7:57	7:57	AM	4:25
" Mt. Vernon	8:56	8:56	AM
Ar. Newark	9:30	9:30	AM
Lv. Newark	9:45	12:15	PM	16:15
" Zanesville	10:30	12:56	PM	6:51
EXETER LINE	2:35	4:55	10:45	11:35
Ar. Wheeling	2:35	4:55	10:45	11:35
" Pittsburgh	AM	7:10	4:15	PM
" Washington	2:10	4:45	4:15
" Baltimore	3:15	6:05	5:05
" Philadelphia	6:05	8:35	7:55
" New York	8:50	10:55	10:55

West-Bound.

STATIONS.	7	5	105	3	11	15
CENTRAL TIME.	PM	AM	PM	AM	PM	AM
Lv. Defiance	3:15	5:30	6:50	11:00	PM	1:10
Ar. Chicago	9:00	11:05	6:40	7:20

PULLMAN SERVICE.

Pittsburg and Chicago, Trains Nos. 5, 6, 14 & 15.
Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, Trains Nos. 14 and 15.
Chicago, Baltimore and New York, Trains Nos. 4, 6, 8 and 10.
Pittsburg and Cincinnati, Trains Nos. 105, 106 and 107.

*Trains run daily. *Stop on signal. *Daily except Sunday.

For further information call on B. & O. Ticket Agent, or address L. S. Allen, Assistant General Passenger Agent, C. & O. Depot.